

THE 37.
VVicked LIFE
AND
Penitent DEATH
OF
Tho. Savage:



Licensed and Ent ed, according to Order.
Printed for J. Back, on London-Widge.

THE
VVicked L I F E
A N D
Penitent D E A T H
O F
Tho: Savage.
Who was twice Executed
at Ratcliff, for Murthering his
Fellow-Servant.

W I T H A
Full Account of the manner of his Fact

Together

With his Flight, and how he was taken
and Committed close Prisoner to New-
gate; where he remained very Penitent
and truly sorrowful for his mis-spent
Life, and the many sins he had committed,
especially the horrid sin of Murther.

Written as an Example for Y O U T H, to
amend their Lives, least Sin and
Satan prove their Oberthow.

Printed for J. Back, at the Black-Bay, on
London-Bridge, near the Draw-Bridge.

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The VVicked Life and Penitent Death of *Thomas Savage.*

Thomas Savage, born of honest Parents, in the parish of St. Giles's in the Fields; was put Apprentice to a Vintner at Batcliff, where he lived about one Year and three Quarters: In which time, he appeared to all that knew him to be a Monster in Sin, giving himself up to all sensual pleasures, and never so much as delighted to hear one Sermon, but if he went into the Church at one door, but would soon go out at another, and accounted 'em Fools that could spare so much time to hear the Ministers of Gods Word: He spent the Sabbath usually at an Ale house, or at least a bale House, with that Stiumpet, h. Blay; He came acquainted with her by a young Man, who afterwards went to Sea, and after that he often went by himself, and used to bring her Bottles of Wine, which

which satisfied not her base desire, but told him, if he intended to be welcome, he must bring money with him; he said he had none, but what was his Masters, and he had never wronged him of twopence in his life, but she inticed him to bring it privately; he replyed, he could not, for the Maid was always at home with him: Hang her Jade, says this impudent Slut, knock her on the head, and I will receive the money; this she often repeated, and that day when he committed the Murther, he having been with her, she made him Drunk with burnt Brandy, and wanting one Groat to discharge his Reckoning, tyred him out of his life, and periwading him to Murther the Maid, and she would receive the money.

He going home about one of the Clock, his Master standing at the Street door, did not dare to go in that way, but climbed over a back-door, and comes into the Room where his fellow-Servants were at Dinner; O, says the Maid, You have now been at this Lewd House, you will never leave till you are ruin'd. He was much concerned at her Words, and while he sate at Dinner, the Devil and Passion entred so strongly into him, that he resolved to kill her: so when his Master with his Family was gone

to Church, leaving none at home but him and the maid ; he steps to the Bar , and reaches a Hammer, and goes to the fire-side, and taking the Bellows in his hand, sits down and knocks the Bellows with the Hammer, the maid saying, *Hure the Boy is mad, Hiccray, what do you make this noise for?* He said nothing, but went to the Window, making the same noise there, and on a sudden he threw the Hammer with great force at the maids head , so that she fell down skreiking out ; then he took the Hammer several times , but had not the power to strike her again ; at last the Devil was so great with him , that he taketh the Hammer and striketh her many blows with all the force he could, rejoicing that he had finished the Murther. This done, he goes to his masters Chamber , breaking open a cupboard, and taking a bag of money under his Cloath , goes out at a back-door, to this base House again; the Strumpet seeing what he had done, would fain have had the money, but he refusing, gave her half a Crown, and so departed.

That night he wandered towards Greenwich, and coming over a Stile, he set him down to rest himself, and considering what he had done , he began to lament , and would

would have given ten thousand Worlds, could have recalled the blows again, after that he was in so much trouble of spirit, that he imagined every one he met, coming to seize him; that Night he got to Greenwich, where he lay, acquainting his Landlady, that he was bound for Gravesend; but in the night he arose and knew not what to do, Conscience so terrified him that he could take no rest.

In the morning he took his leave, but the Landlady perceiving he had a sum of money, said to her Husband, I wish the ~~Youth~~ came by this Money honestly; upon which he was sent for back, and he told them such a plausible Tale, that he was an Apprentice to a Wine-Cooper on London-Bridge, and was carrying it to his Master at Gravesend, and if they pleased he would leave the Money with them, and they might show it to his Mistress, and be further satisfied.

Thus he parted, and went forward for Woolwich, where he was soon taken in a Victualling-house sleeping, and confess the Fact; so they took him back to the aforesaid House at Greenwich, where meeting with his Master, and some other acquaintance, he was immediately conveyed to a

justice at Ratcliff, who Committed him
the Prisoner in Newgate, where several
Eminent Divine came to Discourse him ;
whereof one said, Are you the Young Man
that committed the Murder on your Fellow-
servant at Ratcliff ? then he replied ; I
did. Then what do you think of your dis-
mal state, and of your precious Soul ? you
have not only brought your self to publick
shame and punishment, but without Gods
merciful Mercy, have brought your Soul to
eternal Misery and Torment. Were you
not afflicted when you had considered what
you had done, & heartily sorry for committing
such a Crime ? Then he answered,
liting upon his Breast, and tears trickling
down his Cheeks ; Yes, I was troubled to
my very Soul, that I had shed the blood of she
who never thought me no ill ; and for ought
I know, made her as miserable as my self, in
that I gave her no warning, so much as once
call upon God, but sent her out of the
World in the midst of her Sins : O how
shall I be able to appear before God, when she
will be present to accuse me of my Crime ?
and say, Lord this Willas a bereaved me of my
life, not affording me the least space of time
to prepare for Eternity.

Those Ministers endeavoured still to lay
the

the hainousness of the Crime open to him, shewing him what a horrid Sin he had committed in the breach of that Commandment, Thou shalt not Kill : and Gods threatening. That whosoever sheddeth Mans Blood, by Man his Blood shall be shed. Thus by their Expressions, they wrought upon him so, that he burst forth into many tears, especially when he remembred that saying of one of the Divines, that said ; He would not be in his condition for Ten Thousand worlds. This afflicted him more and more, adding sorrow to sorrow, being deeply tormented in his Conscience, for what he had done.

Then they asked him his Age, he told them ~~ix~~ een years : then you are but Youthful and blooming, and yet indeed an old Sinner : O turn, turn from thy Sin, that the Lord may be gracious to thee. With this advice they left him for that time.

Soon after they visited him again, and askt him, How is Soul stood affected towards God ? and whether or no he had repented him of his Sins ? He answered, I daily endeavour to do, but I find my heart so hardened, that if there be a Heart of Iron, I have one, it is not fit to be called an Heart. When I consider how many pray with me

him, and are afflicted for my condition ; and yet when they are gone, I my self cannot be sufficiently troubled for my deplorable state.

The Night before the Sessions, they asked, if he thought it not terrible to appear before this present Bar of Justice ? said he, When I consider the Bar of Men, and comparing it to the Justice-Seat of God, it is but man, and not to be feared : O when I think of appearing before the great Tribunal, then instead of saying, Take him Jaylor : here I may expect that dreadful Sentence, Depart from me into Everlasting Torments. O this makes my very Hair to stand up, my Heart to ache, and my Soul to tremble.

Thus he continued lamenting his dismal condition, often in fervent Prayer to God, that he would be graciously pleased to pardon him ; so that before his Death, he had a great deal of Comfort in his Soul, and could freely leave the World, not fearing the terrors of Death ; through the hope of living a Being with God in Glory, after these Clouds of sorrow should be passed over : thus the nearer he grew to his End, the more comfortable hopes there appeared in him.

*His SPEECH at the place of
Execution.*

Here am I come to suffer a shameful Death, which I indeed most justly deserve ; for I have shed the Blood of an innocent Creature , who never gave me the least provocation : I have not only Murthered her Body, but if God had no more mercy of her poor Soul, than I had of her Body, she is undone to all Eternity ; so that I deserve not only Death from Men, but Damnation from God. I desire all that behold me, to take warning by me ; the first sin I began with was Sabbath-breaking whereby I got acquaintance with bad company, and so frequented Ale-houses instead of Divine Service, and from the Ale-house to the Bawdy-house, where I came acquainted with this vile Strumpet H. Blay who inticed me to Rob my Master, and commit this Murther. Young-Men, I would have you look stedfastly upon me, and consider how one sin draws on another. First, Sabbath-breaking brought me to ill

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company ; where I practised not only
drunkenness , but likewise Whoredom ,
and was soon drawn away to wrong my
Master ; for the accomplishment of which ,
withered my fellow-Servant , and have
brought my self to be a publick shame to
all that behold me . O make me your Ex-
ample , and learn to amend your Lives , be-
fore it be too late , for sin will not only
bring your Bodies to the Grave , but your
Souls to Hell : O walk in the ways of God ,
and he will be your Guard and Guide to
support you from temptations . Now I
am going to take my leave of the World ,
and humbly intreat you all to pray with me
to God , that he will have mercy upon my
poor Soul , and that I may be able to go
through the bitter pangs of death , and not
fall from him , and that my Soul may find
acceptance with him , through Jesus Christ
our Lord . Amen .

His

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His Mournful Ditty, set forth
these Relenting Lines, upon
subject of the whole matter.

Time of, Bleeding Heatt.

Here to the World I do declare,
No Sinner like a Murtherer,
For which I was Condemn'd to Dye,
And by the Laws deservedly.

I Thomas Savage, known by Name,
Have brought my self to open shame,
And on my Conscience brought this Curse,
My Fellow-Servants Blood I spilt,

All you that shall this Ditty hear,
Sure cannot chuse but shed a Tear,
When I my Crimes shall open lay,
Which wrought my Youthful lives decay.

Of honest Parents I was bred,
Although a Vicious Life I led,
O that I may a warning be,
To all young Men of each degree.

It was indeed my Parents care,
 To put me forth Apprentice, where
 I knew no want, but used well,
 At Ratcliff-Cross I there did dwell.

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But like a Disobedient Son,
 Did to utter ruine run,
 The Sabbath I did often break,
 And all the Laws of God forsooke.

But to my shame, I speak the truth,
 Though in the blossom of my youth ;
 I Harlots Company I kept,
 For which my friends they often wept.

And likewise did admonish me,
 To leave that course of Villany,
 Yet all in vain, I would run on,
 Against the Laws of God and Man.

But in the progress of my sin,
 Which daily I delighted in,
 I was sometimes with cares cast down,
 By my lewd Harlots scornful frown.

Who told me, if I did frequent
 Her House for pleasure and content,
 I must bring Money, thus said she,
 Or else you are no Guest for me.

A

I straigntway told her I had none,
Which I could truly call my own,
Being a Servant, therefore I,
Could not her wanton Will supply.

Her wicked Heart she did reveal,
Perswading me to Cheat and Steal,
By which I soon was over-rul'd,
To wrong my Master what I could.

To at this gross and foul abuse,
The harlot she did me induce,
Without regard of Conscience had I,
So she might but receive the gash.

But e're I did this wick'd deed,
In these like wox's I did proceed:
As for my Master or his wife,
I never wrong'd them in my life.

But she reply'd, my dearest dear,
O wrong him now and do not fear,
Get what thou canst and bring to me,
And thou shalt always welcome be.

Her most deluding wox'd prevail'd
Over me, so that I follow'd
My Masters house, with vile intent,
For which I heartily rep'nt.

My hains to wickedness did roam;
 When all the Household was from home,
 And one poor Servant-Maid,
 Whose Life I preschaly betray'd:

My heart was void of fear and dread,
 I threw a Hammer at her head,
 So that she straight did Murther cry,
 But yet there was no creature by

To hear each bitter screech and groan,
 As she in dying made her moan.
 I with my Hammer beat her head,
 Until I left her perfect dead.

This being done, I then straightway
 Do break a Lock where money lay:
 My Sin was got to this degree,
 Full Murther, then a Robbery.

But having done this wicked deed,
 I then my very heart did bleed.
 And Conscience terrify'd me so,
 For rest I knew not where to go.

Rethoughts her crys did fill my Head,
 Thus haunted with those stabbish scars,
 Where e're I went, those that I saw,
 I thought they came to wait on me.

glas ! it was in vain I said,
For why, that blood which I had done,
Did wound my Conscience, griebe my minde
So that I could not shew I did.

Thus I my selfe Declaration wrought,
Taken I was, to Justice brought,
And likewise was to Prison sent,
Where I in sorrow did lament.

Then to repente I did begin,
When as the horrour of my sin,
Did fill my heare with grieve and tow,
My eyes they did like fountaines flow.

Whilke I did in my gledens bye,
To God I did say me my selfe,
Habing but heare a froward time,
That he would pardon this my Crimme.

But then, thought I how can this be ?
Will he in Mercy pardon me ?
Who was so great a wretch to kill
She who had never thought me ill.

Yet the swerd did much about me,
And pain syndous compas round,
Yet at the last, my Soule to cheate,
The Lord in mercy did appear.

so that before I come to dye,
I wold embrayce it willingly;
Soell that came to see my end,
These dying woyds I recommend.

Young men, it is to you I say,
To rise and keep the Sabbath-day,
for those that do Gods Laws forake,
And such like evill courses take,

I well expect what will ensue,
If had I not been giben spo
To runnynge in that unfeul race,
I had not dy'd in this disgrace.

all you that sees me here this day,
I do desyre you to pray,
that all my Sins Gods will expel,
My now I take my last farewel,

His last Prayer at the place of Execution.

Most merciful and for ever blessed Lord God, I beseech thee look down from Heaven upon my poor Immortal Soul, which now is ready to appear before thy Bar : Lord I humbly intreat thee to prepare me for it, and receive my Soul into the Arms of thy mercy, and though my body dye a shameful Death, yet let my Soul live for ever : O merciful Father, forgive all the horrid Sins I have committed ; Sabbath-breaking, Drunkenness, Swearing, Uncleanness, Theft ; together with that crying Sin of Murther, and all other that I have committed : Lord give me a new Heart, and grant me Faith that I may lay hold on thee, and throw my self wholly and wholly upon thee ; enable me to go through the bitter pangs of Death cheerfully : let not my Soul Perish, though my Body Dye ; Lord let me not be shut from thy presence, and let not all the Prayers, Tears, Counsel and Instructions, that have been made and shed on my behalf, be in vain : good God, I have repented for what

What I have done, from the bottom of my Heart, yet am not worthy of the least of thy mercies ; but for thy Names sake, thy Sons sake, and my Souls sake, lift up the light of thy Countenance upon me ; I am willing to leave this World in hopes of an interest with thee and thy Son Jesus Christ ; O pour down thy Spirit upon my Soul, and tell me my sins are forgiven : here upon my bended knees, I present thee with a broken and contrite Heart ; Lord receive my Soul ; oh smile, one word of comfort, for my Lord and only Saviours sake. Oh let me not go out of this World with my sins unpardoned, let not my Soul perish though I killed a poor innocent Creature : Lord deal not with me as I dealt with her ; but pity me, pity me, for Jesus Christ his sake. **Amen.**

After he rose from Prayers, and his Cap was over his Eyes, he used these Expressions.

Lord Jesus receive my Spirit, Lord one Smile ; good Lord, one word of comfort, for Christs sake : though Death make a separation between my Soul and Body, let nothing separate between thee and my Soul : **Good**

Good Lord hear me ; Good Father of Mercy
hear me. O Lord Jesus receive my Soul,
So he was turned off the Ladder.

These melting Expressions drew many Tears from the beholders Eyes, to see so much Penitence from him, who was but sixteen years of Age.

After he had hung the usual time, the Sheriff commanded him to be cut down, and his Body was received by some of his Friends, who carried it to a Neighbouring House, where being laid upon a Table, he was discern'd to stir and breath, so that they immediately put him into a warm Bed, which recovered him so, that he opened his Eyes, and moved his Body and Hands, but could not attain his Speech. The News was soon abroad, so that Officers came and conveyed him to the former place of Execution, and hung him up again until he was quite dead, and never came to himself again. He was Buried at Ellington, where he sleeps in the Bed of his Grave, until the Morning of the Resurrection ; whence it hop'd he will rise to Eternal Glory.

FINIS.

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